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## SOME LONDON PARKS.

FEW spots are dearer to the heart of the Londoner than his Parks, which have been fitly called the 'lungs' of the great metropolis. Like most human institutions, they have had their vicissitudes, at one time basking in the sunshine of popular favour, at another finding themselves relegated to the chill shades of neglect. But ever since the Restoration, one or other of the Parks has been the resort of Londoners of all classes. The history of the Parks may be truly said to be the history of the amusements and the fashions of our ancestors for several centuries.

Hyde Park owes its origin to Henry VIII., who, at the dissolution of the monasteries, wishing, no doubt, to extend his hunting-grounds, obtained the manor of Hyde from the Abbot of Westminster and the monks, who for many centuries had remained in undisturbed possession of its silvan glades. The first keeper was one George Roper, appointed by Edward VI., at a salary of sixpence a day, and many perquisites, no doubt. With these royal chases, however, we are not much concerned. Elizabeth reviewed her 'Pensioners' there, all 'well appointed in armour on horseback, and arrayed in green cloth and white'—the first of a long succession of reviews in Hyde Park. Charles I. opened it as a public pleasure-ground. Races and other amusements took place there; and Shirley the dramatist tells us how the cuckoo and nightingale sang there, and milkmaids plied a busy trade. In the troublous times of the civil wars the Park witnessed Fairfax and his army marching through it three deep, each man with a laurel branch in his hat, on their way to the city. The next year, Colonel Lambert encamped there; and in 1649 Cromwell reviewed his Ironsides in the same place.

In 1652 the House of Commons resolved to sell the Park for ready-money in three lots, which was accordingly done. Evelyn, in his Diary for April 1653, tells us how he 'went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every

coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchas'd it of the State, as they were called.' The merri-ment of Hyde Park was not totally eclipsed during the Commonwealth. May-day 1654, as we learn from a letter of that time, must have been cheerful, as many as fifteen hundred coaches being there with their contingents of fair women and brave men, and when 'my Lord Protector's coach came into the Parke with Col: Ingoldsby and my Lord's daughters (three of them all in greene-a), the coaches and horses flocked about them like some miracle.' On that day—the Park belonging to a private owner—each coach had to pay 2s. 6d. We also hear that this same day was more observed by people going a-maying than for divers years past—'many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powder'd hair men and painted and spotted women.' In spite of the Puritans, however, this fashionable throng seems to have enjoyed the hurling-match between Cornish gentlemen, fifty a side, which took place on that occasion.

At the Restoration, Hyde Park became the most fashionable rendezvous of the town. The 'Ring' or 'Tour' was then the centre of attraction, and round this open space, surrounded by trees, the riders and drivers circled. Samuel Pepys often mentions the Park—which seems to have had a great attraction for him—and minutely tells us of his smart suit of clothes obtained for a ride there, and how nervous he felt in them; or, again, how ashamed he felt of being seen in a hackney coach, and of his great joy in driving a carriage all his own! The world of his day dined in the afternoon, and then went to the play, afterwards taking a drive in the Park, and finally returning home to supper. 'Every one, therefore,' says De Grammont, 'who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage constantly repaired thither; and the king seemed pleased with the place.' On the 25th of April 1669, Pepys tells us he took his wife to the Lodge, 'and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk.'

We now enter on the era of reviews in the Park. In these, the early days of a standing army, Charles reviewed his Guards in honour of the ambassadors of the Sultan of Morocco in 1682. William III. held many reviews there, and from that time until this the practice has continued. In 1695, hackney carriages were no longer permitted in the Park, a regulation which still holds good. Hyde Park was never more fashionable than in the reign of Queen Anne, when large chariots appeared upon the scene drawn by half-a-dozen Flemish horses. Now the long period of duels begins. In 1712 a duel was fought in the Park between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which both lost their lives. During the Jacobite commotion in 1715, a camp was formed there. Among the disadvantages of the Park at this time were the badness of the roads through it, its dust, its inefficient lighting at night, and the frequent robberies which, as a necessary consequence, ensued. Even as late as 1749, Horace Walpole, returning across the Park from Holland House, had his carriage stopped by two highwaymen. Queen Caroline took a great interest in the Park, and it is to her we owe the Serpentine, formed by draining the different pools then existing, and enlarging the little Westbourne brook. Cricket, which was becoming a popular pastime under George II., was played in the Park, and accidents were numerous. At this time, too, fashion transferred its affections from the 'Ring' to Rotten Row, the old road to the suburb of Kensington, which had been much improved by William III., who had caused it to be lit with a continuous row of lamps at night. During the Gordon Riots, the military were encamped in Hyde Park to the tune of ten thousand men, which caused some jealousy of soldiers in general in the popular mind.

In the days of the French Revolution, when England was fearing an invasion of her shores, Hyde Park saw the first of a long series of Volunteer reviews, inaugurated on the 4th of July 1799, when the new recruits passed before George III. Robberies by this time were few and far between; and the last duel in the Park took place in 1817. During the severe winters of those days, skating on the Serpentine was much in vogue, and gathered a much more fashionable attendance than at present. In 1814 a number of booths were erected on the ice, and country-dances and Scotch reels were executed by the skaters. The year 1814 was an important one in the history of the Park. In April, Louis XVIII. passed through it on his way to Paris, to ascend the throne of his fathers; and the same year saw the visit of the allied sovereigns and the famous Blücher. An immense concourse of people thronged the Park. A large fête was given, and the number of booths and stalls stretched from Piccadilly to the end of the Serpentine. At night, Chinese lanterns illumined the scene. Among other

sights was a mimic battle of Trafalgar on the Serpentine.

And now that the story of Hyde Park has been brought down to our own prosaic times, there is little more to be said about it. In 1820 chairs were first introduced; and two years afterwards the Achilles Statue was set up in honour of the Duke of Wellington. Space does not permit more than a bare mention of the renowned Exhibition of 1851, and of the Crystal Palace erected there, and afterwards removed to Sydenham.

Kensington Gardens can hardly be said to have a history distinct from that of Hyde Park. To a comparatively recent date they were in a wild state, and foxes might have been seen there at the close of the last century. At first, the Gardens consisted of about twenty-six acres. Queen Anne enlarged them, and Queen Caroline added as many as three hundred acres.

The two sister-parks—St James's, and the one stretching along a portion of Piccadilly called the 'Green' Park—have witnessed many changes of fortunes. Before the Restoration, the Green Park was merely a large piece of meadow-land, and only commences its existence as a Park from the reign of Charles II. It was much improved by Queen Caroline, who built a Pavilion Library there. Under George II. it was utilised for reviews of small bodies of troops. In 1749, at the close of the war of the Spanish Succession, a grand fête was held there, a 'Doric' Temple erected, and fireworks blazed at night. Robberies were not uncommon in the Park; and a duel was fought there, in 1771, between Lord Ligonier and Alfieri the poet, which created a great sensation at the time. A few years later, strange as it may seem to us of the present day, the Green Park became a fashionable promenade in the evening, when, after dinner, the gay world assembled there in full dress. Then the view, stretching away over the Thames to the Surrey Hills, must have been very beautiful. This custom of the after-dinner stroll in the Park lasted till the early years of the present century, when the dinner hour became as late as eight or nine, and thus put a stop to this freak of fashion. The Green Park witnessed another great fête in 1814, when a 'Temple' and other erections so beloved in that pseudo-classic age formed the more serious part of the amusements, which included a fair (as in Hyde Park), which did no small damage to the appearance of the grass. In 1842 its modern form was given to the Park; and in 1856 the reservoir of Chelsea waterworks, which stood on Constitution Hill, was filled up.

A much more illustrious history belongs to the twin Park of St James's. Once the lands belonging to a Leper Hospital, they were formed by Henry VIII. into a Park. He also built St James's Palace, and obtained from the Abbot of Westminster some more lands, which he added to the Park. James I. kept a kind of menagerie there, the animals including an elephant, camels, crocodiles, and so forth. Admission to the Park was then probably reserved to the ladies and gentlemen of the court and others in high position. It was a favourite walk with Cromwell,

where he was often to be seen alone, musing, doubtless, on high affairs of state; and Charles I. passed through it on his way to the scaffold. The story of St James's Park is bound up with that of Charles II. That 'merry monarch' was very fond of the Park, sauntering along its avenues, feeding the wild-fowl, chatting to the beauties of the court, or playing a game at Pall Mall: none of these came amiss to him. The different springs and pools were united in one large sheet of water, and trees were planted round the pond called after 'Fair Rosamond'—a favourite spot for lovers' meetings. A new wall was formed, over fourteen hundred feet long, and the new canal was stocked with wild-fowl of all kinds. From 1660 to 1670 as much as £246, 18s. was paid for oatmeal, tares, hempseed, and so on, for the 'birdes and fowles in the Park.' Other payments, too, were made 'for fish for the cormorant,' which bird, to judge by its name, was doubtless blessed with a good appetite. A pelican, called by Evelyn 'a melancholy water-fowl,' might also have been seen there, together with Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, roebucks and red-deer. The larger sort of foreign birds probably had their cages situated along the walk, which is still called 'Birdcage.' The ornamental water was much used for skating in the winter. Pepys in his entry for December 1662 tells us how he went 'over the Parke, where I, first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatees, which is a very pretty art.'

The Mall soon became a fashionable walk by day as well as by night. Private balls and evening parties were then rare, so that the upper classes took their amusement in a less exclusive way than at present. There, from twelve till two, and again at seven, the beaux and belles of those days, in all the Arcadian simplicity of their Watteau costumes, paraded about 1730, and still later, exchanged the simplicity of shepherds and shepherdesses for the monstrous garbs borrowed from abroad and yclept 'Macaroni.' Camps were formed in St James's Park in 1736, and again during the Gordon Riots. Near the Spring Gardens, which now, thickly covered with houses, still bear the empty title, was held a Milk Fair, relics of which, in the shape of divers cows, may be seen there at the present day. At the close of the last century the 'Mall' and St James's Park generally lost the high position they had held in the favour of the world of fashion. At this time they were still popular, and the tradespeople and citizens on Sundays flocked there in large numbers. Gradually, however, both Parks have become more or less deserted save by nurses and their charges, and the 'classes' as well as the 'masses' seem to prefer Hyde Park.

Little remains to be said. In 1786 a mad-woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to kill George III.; and on another occasion, Colonel Despard's plot to kill the same king by firing off a large gun on the Parade in the Park was discovered in time, and its author hanged. The once romantic spot, 'Rosamond's Pond,' is at present identified with the 'Guards' and Wellington Barracks; and Buckingham Palace stands on the site of the once famous Mulberry Gardens, formed by James I. in his

laudable desire to promote the production of silk in England. In 1827 St James's Park was altered to the shape and form which in the main it bears at the present day.

## DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—AN HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

AT Petherton, during all that fearful time, how closely Psyche followed the march of events; how carefully she reckoned the chances of war; how eagerly she watched the slow advance of the relieving force up the Nile to Dongola and across the desert to Abu Klea and Metamneh! Early in the morning, before even Dumaresq came down to his Spartan breakfast, Psyche was already scanning with anxious eyes the *Times* or *News* she hardly held in her trembling fingers. When Papa went out on the downs for his mid-day walk, Psyche brought forth the big Atlas from the study shelf, and, pen in hand, pounced down, all eagerness, on those strange unknown names, fixing for herself with minute care the exact spot where Wolseley had last arrived, or the utmost point on the wide blank of sand yet reached by Stewart with his desert advance-guard. Here they camped last night: there they go to-morrow. Love had turned the pink-and-white maiden unawares into an amateur tactician of the first water. She read with more than military fervour the latest views of distinguished authorities as to the chances of the Camel Corps; the conflicting opinions of newspaper scribes as to the tactical value of Beresford's Naval Brigade. General Maitland himself could not have been more eager as to the possible merits of the mounted infantry; the very War Office could hardly have been more excited when the van of the relief party arrived at Gakdul.

And all this in the silence of her own heart! For Psyche did not dare to confide in any one. When she heard Papa's footstep on the gravel path outside, or Ida Mansel's voice by the garden gate, the Atlas was hurriedly thrust back into its place on the shelf, the *Daily News* was carefully folded away in the rack by the fireplace, the tears were hastily brushed from those clouded eyes, and the poor self-restrained girl came back at one bound from Khartoum or Dongola to Petherton Episcopi. No one but herself knew with what anxiety she followed every move in that terrible and protracted game; no one but herself knew how often, as she gazed at that hopeless map with its impassable stretches of desert sand and its long curves of interminable Nile, names and places faded suddenly from her failing eyes, and a vast blank alone rose up visible before her—a mingled blank of despair and blindness.

Now and again, to be sure, there were gleams of hope. It was not all pure unmingled despondency. On New Year's day, for example, came a message, a glorious message from Gordon to the relieving force: 'Khartoum all right on the 14th of December.' A fortnight ago, then, Psyche thought with a thrill, Linnell was safe; but, ah, how many things may happen in a fortnight! Yet even so, that cheery message, despatched by a brave man in stifled despair, brightened up her

New Year not a little. For a full week afterwards her sight never suddenly failed her unawares; she walked with a firmer and a freer tread; there was still hope, for Stewart's force was now well on the way for Metamneh. Then came the flicker of victory at the Abu Klea wells—why, now they were almost at the gates of Khartoum. How very short a distance it looked on the map. Psyche measured it carefully by the scale of miles with a pin and some thread: her heart sank within her when she found the result! How many days' journey, how many days' journey, if one came to look at it by that sterner method.

On the 22d, another message arrived from Gordon: 'Khartoum all right. Could hold out for years.' Her heart bounded with joy within her as she read. All would yet be well—and Linnell would come home again.

When Linnell came home, she would tell him all. She could stand it no longer, this misery of misinterpretation. She would ask her father to release her from her promise, that horrible promise that had wrought so much harm. She would fling herself freely, for all her pride, on her painter's neck, and with tears and entreaties beg him to forgive her. A Dumaresq as she was, she would beg him to forgive her.

The end of January, though full of suspense, was indeed a happy time in anticipation for Psyche. Everything was going on so well at the front. The relief of Khartoum was now all but accomplished. Day after day came brighter news. Gordon's four steamers, sent down the Nile to assist Wolsley, had united with the expeditionary force at Metamneh. Then all was still safe in the beleaguered city. Sir Charles Wilson had started for Khartoum; in three days more the siege would be raised—the siege would be raised, and Linnell would be free again! The whole world of England had its eyes fixed during that period of suspense on one man alone; to Psyche, too, there was but one man in all Khartoum, and that man was—not Gordon, but the Special Artist of the *Porte-Crayon* newspaper.

On a Wednesday afternoon towards the end of the month, Ida Mansel stopped with her pony-carriage in front of the Wren's Nest gate, and called out to Psyche, who was busy in the drawing-room, to come in with her that minute to Melbury.

Psyche flung down her needlework at once. Melbury was the nearest country town, and she was delighted indeed to have such a chance; for the evening papers could be bought at Melbury. Every hour was of breathless importance now: nobody knew how soon tidings might arrive of the relief of Khartoum. She would buy a *Pall Mall* or a *St James's* at Melbury: she would get the latest news, that way, twelve hours earlier. So she hurried on her hat and jacket anyhow, and rushed out in haste to Ida.

It was a lovely afternoon, and the sun was shining. Such a January day, Psyche scarcely remembered. The hedgerows were bright with hips and haws; the feathery streamers of the clematis, or old-man's beard, as village children call it, festooned the bare boughs with their flower-like fluffiness; the chirping of robins from the shelter of the holly-bushes made her almost forget it was the depth of winter. Rooks cawed

from the rookery in cheerful content: young lambs already bleated from the pasture-land. Everything spoke of spring and hope. And Psyche's heart was glad within her; for had not England sent out help to her painter? Was not an army well on its way, all to bring her lover back to her at Petherton?

For the very first time, as they drove along through the brisk clear air, Psyche ventured to broach the subject that lay nearest her heart to Ida Mansel. 'Do you think,' she asked timidly, with a deep blush, 'there's any chance—we might hear to-day—that they've relieved Khartoum?'

Mrs Mansel was in her most oracular Girtonian mood. 'Perhaps,' she answered, vaguely, flicking the pony's ear, 'and perhaps not. But, for my part, it simply surprises me to find how much importance everybody attaches to the particular question whether this one man, Gordon—an estimable person, no doubt, in his own way, but one among ten million—does or does not happen to get shot in an expedition on which he volunteered, for the express purpose of going to shoot other people. To my mind, the interest the world displays in his fate smacks of provincialism.'

Psyche, with her poor heart fluttering within her, was not disposed to contest this abstract proposition. 'But there are so many more people in Khartoum with him!' she ventured to interpose, her thoughts all full of one among that nameless unthought-of number.

'So there are many thousand estimable Chinamen dying every day in Pekin, I believe,' Mrs Mansel answered, with chilly persistence. 'It seems to me irrational, in a world where hundreds must die daily, of endless misfortunes, to make so much fuss over a few dozen Englishmen more or less, who've sought their own death over yonder in Central Africa.'

'Perhaps you'd feel it more if you were personally interested in any one of them,' Psyche ventured to suggest, very tentatively, though her heart misgave her for even trenching so far on the dangerous question.

'That's just it, you see,' Mrs Mansel replied, with philosophic calm, replacing her whip in its stand carefully. 'As it happens, we have a friend out there ourselves, you know. Mr Linnell, you remember, that nice young man who was here in the summer, and who painted your portrait, and your father's too, has gone out to Khartoum; and you recollect he's a very old chum indeed of Reginald's. Reginald's very much concerned at times about him. But what I say is, if we who have acquaintances actually in danger there don't make any unnecessary noise or fuss about it—if we're content to look on and watch and wait to see what time and chance will do for them—why should all the rest of the world go crying and shrieking and wringing their hands in wild despair like a pack of children about Gordon and his companions, who are the merest names to them? War's an outlet for our surplus population. It replaces the plagues of the middle ages. There are plenty more soldiers where those came from.'

The tears stood full in Psyche's eyes, though with a violent effort she held them back. But she could talk no more about Khartoum after that. 'Mr Linnell, you remember, who painted



your portrait,' indeed! As if she could forget! as if she could forget him! Oh, strange irony of accidental coincidence! How little she knew! How little she understood poor Psyche's sorrow!

They drove on into Melbury in silence almost, and up the long High Street, stopping at the grocer's and the wine-merchant's and the draper's, till at last they reached the one shop in the place that had now any interest for poor eager Psyche—the bookseller's and news-agent's. There were no placards displayed outside the door as usual. Mrs Mansel pulled up the pony at the door and let Psyche jump out. 'Have the evening papers come in yet?' Psyche asked, trembling.

'No, miss,' the shopman answered, with glib unconcern; 'they're a little late: behind time this evening: but *Punch* is to hand if you'd like to look at it.'

Psyche took it up in a vague, uncertain, half-dreamy way. *Punch* for her indeed! What sarcasm! What irony! Of how much interest to her were its jokes and its caricatures now, with Linnell imprisoned by that mob of fierce fanatic blacks in Khartoum! She opened the paper, hardly knowing what she did. It almost fell from her hands in her intense excitement. Oh heavens! what was this? A terrible joy burst over her as she looked. The cartoon was a picture of two weather-stained soldiers shaking hands together amid loud huzzas and tossing-up of caps, while a body of faithful Egyptian and negro allies looked on from behind and shared in the universal rejoicing of their deliverers. Underneath was the simple legend, 'At Last!' Remote as Psyche lived from the great world of men and events, she took in at a glance what the picture meant. Love sharpened her senses to read it aright. She recognised even the faces of the two leading men. One of them was Wilson; the other, Gordon.

Then all was well! Khartoum was relieved! The steamers with the Sussex regiment on board—those steamers whose course she had followed so anxiously—must have run the gantlet of the Mahdi's fire, and succeeded in forcing their way up the Nile to the besieged city. Wilson had thrown himself into Khartoum at last! And Linnell would now come back to England.

All England was thinking of Gordon that night. Psyche was thinking only of her artist lover.

She turned, on fire, and laying threepence hastily down on the counter, rushed out of the shop with her priceless treasure in her hands, all trembling. At the door, space disappeared for a moment before her swimming eyes; but she cared nothing at all for all that, now: what was blindness itself, with Linnell safe? She groped her way, with her precious paper in her hand, to Ida Mansel's pony-trap; and in a second, as the wave of joy passed through her once more, she saw again as distinctly as ever she had seen in all her life; for no tonic on earth can equal happiness. 'Mrs Mansel!' she cried, 'he's safe! he's safe! They've relieved Khartoum, and defeated the Mahdi!'

'Who's safe?' Mrs Mansel repeated, half incredulous. And Psyche, too proudly honest to answer 'Gordon,' replied with a scarcely conscious blush: 'Why, your friend Mr Linnell! I'm so glad to hear it!'

Ida Mansel took the paper sceptically from the girl's hand. It was that all-too historical number of *Punch* with the famous cartoon, so soon to be falsified, representing the supposed junction of Wilson's reinforcements with the handful of defenders still left with Gordon; and as everybody now knows, it was prepared beforehand, as such things must always necessarily be prepared, in anticipation of the shortly-expected triumph of that futile relief party. But neither Psyche nor her friend was critical enough to reflect, in their woman-like haste, that the drawing and the block must have been put in hand, at the very latest, several hours before the arrival of the last telegrams in that morning's papers. They were not critical enough to remember that *Punch*, with all its acknowledged virtues and excellences, has never laid any claim of any sort to rank as an independent purveyor and disperser of authentic intelligence. They accepted the hypothetical announcement of the cartoon in good faith as so much honest comment upon established fact; and they made no doubt in their own minds that in London that evening the news of Gordon's safety was common property.

Oh, glorious, short-lived, inexpressible delight! Oh, sudden breaking of tense heart-strings! Oh, instant relief from unutterable suspense! Psyche drove back to Petherton beside herself with joy. Linnell was safe, and she would see him again. She had no fear now that he might have died or been killed during the siege. Some supreme internal faith told her plainly that all was well. England had wasted money like water and sacrificed lives by the thousand in the desert, all to bring Psyche back her painter; and now, in the very hour of the country's triumph, should any base doubt dare to obtrude itself on her happy mind that all was in vain and that her painter was missing? No, no, a thousand times over, no! Not thus are the events of the Cosmos ordered. Psyche *knew* he was safe. She *knew* he would come back again.

The robins in the hedge chirped merrier than ever as they two drove back in high glee to Petherton. The sun in the sky shone bright and spring-like. The waves on the sea shimmered like diamonds. Everything was gay and blithe and happy. For Linnell was safe, and Psyche was herself again.

And in many an English home that night, sad hearts were mourning for their loved ones at Khartoum.

(To be continued.)

## HOW THE APPLE STANDS TO-DAY.

THE ordinary householder and his wife may be surprised to know that this old-fashioned and ever popular fruit has been and is still causing some stir in the community. No doubt the ripple it makes is only a small one when compared with the big circles caused by circumstances of greater interest to the general public; so that most people will hardly know whether Apples fail or succeed; or if they do, what effect failure or success produces on table or pocket. The fact that the cultivation of the Apple has been allowed to sink into a shamefully neglected

condition is conceded by everybody who has any acquaintance with the matter. Nor is this anything new. It had been written about in the gardening papers for very many years; but as a rule—perhaps without exception—the writers were mere promulgators of fads, and the whole of them failed, inasmuch as the comparative value of varieties was not certainly known or clearly defined. When the seasons of ten to a dozen years ago clouded over agricultural interests, the Apple was smitten hip and thigh; and had it not been for imported fruit during that period, the apple dumpling must inevitably have fallen into desuetude, at least for the time being. Meantime, the British orchardist began to rub his eyes, and when he got them sufficiently opened, he beheld his orchards in the possession of trees, aged, lichen-covered, and totally incapable of responding with certainty to cultural treatment.

But with the return of better seasons apple trees regained fruitfulness, and in 1883 the crop was a good one throughout the country. The opportunity was seized to hold what was called an 'Apple Congress' at Chiswick, in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. The result was to open still wider the eyes, and to allow for the entrance of more light into the minds of the now awakened pomologists. A few facts were deduced, which must form the basis of intelligent apple-culture in the future. Some thousands of dishes of fruit were forwarded to this gathering from all parts of the United Kingdom; and the astonishing number of from fifteen to sixteen hundred distinct varieties were thus brought together. Many exhibitors 'set up' fifty or more sorts, and some from one hundred up to three times that number.

The evil of cultivating so many varieties was fairly exhibited when the varieties recommended for general cultivation by fruit-growers came to be examined. Thus, out of the fifteen hundred odd sorts, less than one hundred were named as worthy of cultivation by four or more persons. About fifty sorts had ten or more recommendations; while only about twenty sorts were recommended by thirty-six to one-hundred-and-one voters.

In the Scottish gathering held in Edinburgh two years later, the results were of a nature almost identical. The remarkable outcome of this census went to show that nearly one-and-a-half thousand kinds of apples were in cultivation throughout the country, the value of which as a whole was very slight. Or, put in another way, it showed that many thousands of apple trees of problematical value were occupying ground and absorbing labour, the place of which could be occupied by from twenty to one hundred sorts in a more valuable manner.

Another outcome of the 'Congress' was to show that the nomenclature of apples all over the country was in a jumble of confusion. Very few collections were altogether correctly named, and some popular sorts were found on the tables under from eight to sixteen different names. It appeared as if a rule prevailed that when some extra good cropping sort had asserted itself in a district—its name having previously disappeared—a local designation was tacked on to it,

and distributed from some nursery establishment as a new thing altogether. If it had other qualities besides that of great fruitfulness, not much harm would ensue; but if the variety was lacking in size or flavour, then it followed that an extra number of trees of an undesirable nature was by this means unwittingly distributed over the country. It would also occur—and as a fact the occurrence was not unusual—that one might order a good variety and succeed in procuring one of no worth.

But perhaps the most remarkable result of all was the final triumph of one 'stock' over all others. The general reader will not of course understand what the term stock as applied to apples means. Nowadays, the almost invariable method of increasing the number of apple trees is by budding or grafting the sort required on to other trees specially prepared for the purpose. These latter are technically termed 'stocks.' Most of the fruit exhibited was accompanied by a card containing, with other information, the kind of stock on which the tree was grown; and it was found that fruit which had been produced by trees on the 'Paradise' stock was, from whatever district shown, superior to all others. The Paradise had been long known for the influence it exerted over the scion which was worked on it, inasmuch as the trees assumed a more dwarf and fruitful habit; but it was now distinctly seen that it possessed the equally important qualification of improving the appearance and increasing the size of the fruit.

In numerous instances, seedling apple trees are employed for 'stock' purposes; and on certain kinds of soil these do very well; but in the crushing competition which is becoming every decade more pronounced, not quantity so much as size and quality will perforce become the factors of success. That is so to a great extent even now, but not to the degree it must attain in time to come.

This and other 'congresses' which followed were, however, only initial proceedings. Some occupiers of orchards, and this especially in the Home Counties, were indeed not slow to put into execution proceedings some of them of an extreme nature. Moderately healthy trees were headed over and regrafted with the best kinds, while the older worn-out subjects were summarily stubbed up and destroyed and young plantations made in their stead; and here and there throughout the country an impetus was given to a more intelligent system of culture. But the ordinary Britisher of whatever calling is slow to move in the adoption of anything new, and in no calling is this so pronounced as in interests connected with the land.

In order to a further improved fruit-culture, a Society named the British Fruit-growers' Association has been and is trying to promulgate the knowledge of improved principles in fruit-growing. In the winter of 1890 a scheme was broached to raise twenty thousand pounds in order to carry out the crusade with increased vigour and greater effect. As one result of the operations of this Society, the Fruiters' Company of London has been induced to descend to practical matters; and last year (1890) there was instituted a series of prizes for fruits and preserves. At the show of these held in the Guild-

hall, it was palpably apparent that the culture of hardy fruits, of which apples were by far the most conspicuous, is only imperfectly understood. When it is remembered that nearly the whole of the best apples consumed in this country are imported from Canada and the northern States of America, it is apparent that there is verge enough for a more enlightened régime.

In the apple-growing counties of England, finer fruit than the best of the American can be produced; but it is only here and there that cultivators give their trees that amount of attention which enables them to produce fruit of the highest quality.

Again, in many parts of Ireland the soil and climate are fitted to produce fruit of magnificent quality; but hardly without exception is there any attempt to cultivate orchards, and the fruit when ready is often knocked to the ground by means of long poles, instead of being carefully gathered, sorted, and marketed. It has been given on good authority that the Irish could compete with the men of Kent with the highest-class apples.

Then in Scotland, notwithstanding the long-remembered saying of Sydney Smith, there are many districts where quite as large fruit as is common in England can be grown. The only drawback is the lack of colour, which is so attractive in fruit grown under the influence of sunnier skies. At the same time it is noteworthy that Scottish fruit of the right kind, intelligently cultivated and properly sorted, commands as good a price as the ordinary run of American produce, and very much better than Continental, which, carelessly grown, is no less carelessly put on the market.

But the outlook, it will be seen, is becoming still more serious, when it is known that another competitor, who will in a few years rival the American grower as an importer, has sprung up in the form of the Australian colonies. Some four years ago consignments of Tasmanian apples were received in London, and the results were so generally gratifying, that the importation of apples into the metropolis during April and May is becoming a staple industry. The quality and appearance of the fruit are of the very highest class. But more. Two large fruit-growing colonies on the Murray River, with the most complete irrigation appliances in the world, are being rapidly established, and before long we shall have these also competing for a share of our fruit orders.

Under such circumstances it may be questioned by the man of caution whether it will pay to grow apples in this country. The reply to that must be that it only will when made a matter of business. Our gardens and orchards are at present mostly occupied by trees of next to no use, and instead of supplying our own wants, the mass of our apple-supply has to be bought abroad. We have, in fact, decided advantages to set against certain drawbacks. The American, for instance, does not, in the strict sense of the word, cultivate his apples at all. He simply selects a certain few good sorts, sets them out in his orchard, and awaits his crop. The general result arrived at is that one season the crops are abnormally large, and the trees are so much exhausted in the endeavour to mature their crops that the following year is

spent as a recuperative holiday. Thus, leaving out altogether the contingencies of spring frost, the ravages of caterpillars, &c., which also have to be contended with on this side, there is a constant recurrence of seasons when imported apples are more or less scarce. Then, with the exception of the Newton Pippin, our islands can produce a better quality of fruit than America does; and Continental fruit is in the meantime much inferior to ours.

What we have got to do in order to make headway is to grow a very few varieties, and these the best; that is to say, only those which as trees will grow rapidly, keep healthy, bear freely, and mature fruit of a large size. It requires a man to have a special training in order to succeed even then. The writer is acquainted with instances where the best kinds were planted, and yet, through inattention to cultural details, the price of the trees has not been netted in the course of a dozen years. The system known in France as 'petite culture' has been recommended as a solution of the difficulty in this country. But the circumstances are so very different, that it would take perhaps two generations to establish it with success. The Frenchman has from one generation to another been bred to the work. It is with him a second nature, and the results are marvellous.

In Great Britain we have to raise from raw material the like class of men, and at the best it is doubtful if our climate would second him in securing as good a return for his labour. Most exaggerated statements of the profits attainable from apple-culture have been put before the public. Writing from experience, and keeping within the strictest bounds, a bush apple tree will one year with another produce fruit to the net value of one shilling and sixpence. That may appear an inconsiderable sum; but a bush tree when full grown will not occupy more than nine square yards of ground, and an acre so planted means forty pounds.

Starting with one-year-old trees, scarcely any fruit should be allowed to form for the first six years. The growth of the tree will be much more rapid under these conditions, and a fair crop may be expected the sixth or seventh season. The ground of course will be much of it under general cultivation until the trees are, say, a dozen years of age, so that there will constantly be a return from the ground even when nothing is secured off the apples. In no season should any but a moderate crop be taken. In extra-fruitful years the apples should be freely thinned when quite small, and by this means large fruit will be the rule; while in scarce seasons, which are generally the outcome of an overcrop, a good crop will hardly ever fail to mature. Thirty years may be taken as the term of the paying life of the trees. It is not uncommon to net from ten to twenty shillings' worth of fruit from a bush tree in full bearing; but three to four shillings is a more fair estimate, and over all, the eighteenpence per tree may be taken as being neither too sanguine nor too low.

It is absolutely necessary that the right sorts be grown. Warner's King, Ecklinville Seedling, Lord Grosvenor, and Keswick Codling, are examples of what succeed everywhere, being of rapid growth, free fruiting, and producing fruit of

the right size. The English Paradise should be selected, and a course of periodical root-lifting carried out in the earlier years of the trees existence.

### MISS WINTER'S HERO.

MISS WINTER (Christian name Kate) stood at the window of the lodging-house drawing-room, her hands clasped behind her back, looking out at the sea, with a very dissatisfied face. Of what use was it to be rich and pretty and twenty-two, if one could not have one's own way? Fathers were all very well—with a glance at the portly personage in the corner, half hidden behind his newspaper; but no middle-aged father living could even begin to comprehend all the lights and shades involved in a case like this. Laurence had said so himself; and her father had never made any pretensions to finer feelings; he was simply an honest, comfortable, matter-of-fact man of business, and his daughter had arrived at a crisis where those qualities were at a discount.

The state of the case was this. Mr Winter had come to Scotland on some matter of business, and brought his household with him. They put up at one of the Clyde watering-places, and there Kate made the acquaintance of a certain Mr Laurence Glynn, about which acquaintance Mr Winter had expressed himself very freely that morning, and Kate was resenting it accordingly.

'My dear, there's a dreadful draught coming in at that window,' her father broke in upon her meditations. 'Couldn't you shut it? or—What's the matter?'

'Nothing particular,' returned Kate, shutting down the window sharply. What was the use of going over it all a second time? 'I'm going down to the beach; this room is unbearably hot.'

'Very well, my dear; and perhaps I may come after you when I've finished my paper.—Cheer up, Kate; there's as good fish in the sea as'—

But Miss Winter did not wait to hear the whole of that wise saw, neither did she adjourn direct to the beach. A narrow path wound up a low cliff behind, where the coastguard's flagstaff was planted, and thither she bent her steps. There was a circular green bench round the staff, and on the bench sat a handsome young fellow in a brown velvet coat. His hair was a little longer than is customary in these close-cropped days; and that, or a certain rapt absent expression, would have stamped him at once as either poet or artist with most people. Kate, looking at him in the full flush of the warm sunset, felt that it was no light privilege even to know such a man; but having known him, that he—refined and cultivated to such a pitch of perfection—should have laid his fortune at her feet, should have counted her worthy to share his future, the fame that coming days were to bring him, passed all belief. At the sound of her foot on the springy turf he looked round.

'Kate, my queen!'—there was music in his lightest tone—'I thought you were never coming.

Do you know this is the first time I have seen your face to-day? It has been all cloud; no sun has risen for me.'

'I would have come if I could,' said Kate, very truthfully. 'Oh Laurence, I don't know how I am to tell you what has happened, I am so miserable.'

'What is wrong, Kate?' asked her lover, coming down from the clouds and growing suddenly sober.

'This is wrong. Somebody—it's that horrid Mrs Smithson—has been talking to papa about you. She said you—you were idle, that you were over head and ears in debt. I can't tell you what she didn't say; and then papa came up to me, and said he would have no more philandering—that was the very word—about here, and—and that wasn't all.'

Mr Laurence Glynn had turned scarlet and white alternately. He got up from the bench. 'And you agreed with them, I suppose?'

'Oh Laurence!'—Kate's eyes overflowed altogether—'if the whole world said so, what difference could it make to me? Even if I had never seen you, I should have believed in you from your poems. No one but a good man and a great man could have written like that.'

'Then the world may say what it pleases, my Kate.' The young man flung himself on the grass at her feet and gazed up at her as Antony may have gazed at Cleopatra, Dante at Beatrice, Rizzio at his royal mistress. 'Something must be done, however, and done at once,' he said presently. 'I will not lose my Kate for all the fathers or Mrs Smithsons in Christendom.—What was the rest of the tale, Kate? I may as well hear the whole of it.'

'It's that John Petersen, a person who hasn't an idea beyond business and the money market—so everybody thinks him perfection; and he's coming over from Liverpool on Saturday, and papa hopes I mean to be civil to him.'

Mr Glynn's brows contracted. Instead of gazing at Kate, he was rooting up all the clover-heads within reach and hurling them into space. Kate watched the process with troubled eyes. He looked round at her suddenly.

'Kate, you never had any brothers and sisters, I think you once told me?'

'No. But what has that to do with it?'

'A good deal. You are your father's only child; that gives you a grand claim upon him; he would forgive you anything.'

'I don't think he has had much occasion for forgiving me,' said Kate, with a little touch of dignity.

'I know that, dear; but he may have more, or think he has, which comes to the same thing. We must just take the law into our own hands, and carve out our own fortunes.'

'You mean?'—rather breathlessly.

'I mean that you must take me for better for worse without any delay. We are not the first who have been driven to that step, and we shall not be the last. Once mine, Mr John Petersen and Mrs Smithson may go to—anywhere they please.'

Could the poet have been going to say—to Jericho? It sounded uncommonly like it, even to Kate; but she had no time to debate the point; she was completely swept off her feet



by the deluge of eloquence he brought to bear upon her. He pictured the desolation that must inevitably compass all her days, if she meekly allowed herself to be handed over to this narrow-minded soulless worldling; the shattered hopes he himself would carry under all the honours with which his fellows crowned him, and—saddest reflection of all—to remember, that they two had once stood together at the very entrance to Arcadia and lacked the courage to enter in.

Ah me! if one could always sojourn on those exalted heights; but there was the valley waiting at the foot, the sordid details to be gone into, the practical arrangements discussed. The first thing was to get back to Liverpool—that was the poet's headquarters as well as the objectionable Petersen's. Once there, Laurence would procure a special license through a friend who was well up in that kind of thing; and then the deed done, they could choose their own time for informing the powers that be.

They were to slip away to Greenock by separate trains to-morrow afternoon, and go down to the quay and take the Liverpool boat; and then, while Mr Winter was scouring about the different railway stations for the runaways, they would be sailing peacefully over the blue waters beyond all reach of pursuit.

'To think that this time to-morrow we shall be together—not a cloud to dim our gladness, not a jarring note to make discord in the harmony—"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," said Mr Glynn, waving his hand—a shapely and well-cared-for hand—towards the dipping sails on the horizon. 'Of course the railway is the quickest; but there is the telegraph and cross lines, and a hundred chances to guard against, that the sea is exempt from. Kate! we shall both look back upon it as the happiest expedition we ever had—our very first together. The distance is nothing; it will be only too short for the delight we shall crowd into it.'

But all this rapture notwithstanding, Kate went through that evening with a curious sense of oppression at her heart. Her father was her father; she had had nothing but love and kindness, albeit somewhat rough and ready kindness, from him since she could remember. No shadow of trouble had ever fallen across her sheltered path. If it were for any one else in the world than Laurence, she could never have entertained the thought of leaving him; but there were times—Laurence said so—when even the best of fathers must stand on one side. Kate found herself watching him quite tenderly as he sauntered about the room, and hoped he would not mind very much, when he found she was gone.

'I tell you what it is, Kate,' he said, stopping in front of her on one of his peregrinations. 'I don't think this idle kind of life is exactly good for us; we'll go home to our cotton bales again next week. I'll be right glad to get my shoulder to the wheel once more; nothing takes the place of it, even on a holiday.'

Next week! Kate bent her head over her book; she did not feel equal to any comment.

'By the way, John Petersen will be here to-morrow afternoon. I'd a line from him by

to-night's post; so we'll make a grand wind-up and all go back together.'

'To-morrow!' echoed Kate. 'He said Saturday before.'

'Ay; but I think he's wanting a sight of you, Kate: there's a limit even to patience.'

'As long as he has a ledger beside him he will put up without a good many other things,' remarked Kate, getting up and gathering her scattered properties together.

'Don't be too sure of that, my lassie—still waters run deep.'

The weather had broken when Kate looked out next morning; sea and shore were muffled up in a shroud of damp gray mist, known to the dwellers in that region as a 'haar.' Kate gave an involuntary shiver as she thought of the pilgrimage to be begun under its auspices; a bright day would have made such a difference. It was too late for reflections now; but she set about making her necessarily limited preparations with strange want of enthusiasm; that glowing future seemed to have dwindled into something vague and far away; while present surroundings loomed large and life-like instead, after the fashion of the house gables in the misty street; while the rolling hills behind had vanished into blank space. Another of Laurence's similes. Kate herself was not good at ideas of that kind, possibly one of the reasons she was attracted by it in him.

And so the day wore on. By four o'clock Kate found herself rattling into Greenock station. How she had escaped at the last she hardly knew, only here she was, and every now and again a big tear splashed down on her lap and blotted out what landscape was left. Laurence was waiting on the platform. Kate greeted him with something suspiciously like a sob. 'Laurence, I don't like going off like this a bit; it isn't like a real wedding at all.'

'Never mind, Kate. What does a little present inconvenience count for? Think of what lies beyond! See; I've got a cab ready waiting for you.'

The cab was one of a row, and did not appear to be waiting for her more than anybody else.

'Papa is in Glasgow to-day,' said Kate as she got in; 'he went this morning to meet John Petersen. I hope we shan't meet them.'

'I hope not, indeed,' ejaculated Mr Glynn in some consternation. 'Sit well back, Kate. What a good thing we decided to go by the boat!'

Down to the wet sloppy quay, where, jostled by porters and packages, surrounded with noise and dirt and discomfort of every description, they contrived to struggle up the slippery gangway on board a smoky, panting steamer known as the *Bluebell*. There was little of the bluebell element about her beyond the name; and Kate shrank back in unconcealed dismay from the motley collection of passengers and cargo that thronged the deck. Where was the poetry to come in? Was this the white-winged carrier that was to waft them over the summer seas to their earthly paradise?

The deck was an impossibility. As they stood bewildered in the stream of traffic, a little sharp-faced elderly lady, who had followed them up the gangway, and was evidently accustomed to travel, touched Kate's shoulder. 'Pardon me;

I think you would be more comfortable in the saloon; the boat is going to be very full to-night.'

They followed her down. The boat was full; they had some difficulty in finding sufficient space to bestow themselves and their wraps.

'I had no idea it was going to be such a crush,' said Mr Glynn, surveying his fellow-travellers with unmitigated disapproval. 'Kate, I'm afraid it won't be quite so pleasant a trip as we expected; still, we are together—that is one bright spot in the gloom.'

Kate nodded rather grimly; somehow sentiment fell flat with an audience of children and nurses on either hand reaping the benefit; and Mr Glynn felt it. After a few more attempts at longer and longer intervals, he suggested taking a turn up above to see how they were progressing. 'The wind is rising, so that will blow the fog away; we may have a fine evening even yet,' he remarked.

'We may,' responded a ponderous matron, taking his observations to herself; 'but I'm thinking we'll be wishing for the fog instead, before we're much older.'

'I don't quite follow you,' said Mr Glynn distantly.

'I've been this road before, and I know what a wind means when we get round the corner. Why, I've seen this cabin with not a person in it able to hold up a finger, except the stewards.—Are you a good sailor, ma'am?' turning to Kate.

'I don't know; I never tried it more than a few hours at a time,' owned Kate.

'Ah well! I'm thinking you'll know more about it by morning. Hear to that!'

Laurence had vanished. Kate sat on alone, sometimes watching the people about her, sometimes exchanging a word or two with her neighbour, the little elderly lady. Miss Priestley her name was, and she had something to do with a girls' school, Kate found. By-and-by it got dark, and Kate began to wonder if Laurence could have been washed overboard; it was strange he never came to see after her. This was not at all the kind of treatment he had promised last night. Thoroughly uneasy at last, she crept up the brass-bound stairs to the upper deck. The mist had cleared away, but the rain was coming down in sheets, and the boat pitching and plunging in a fashion that Kate was certain was most dangerous, apart from the discomfort of it. A feeling of righteous indignation against her truant lover began to surge up in her breast as she stood there, holding on to the rails.

'By your leave, miss.' A steward bustled past with something in a glass to a miserable crumpled-up object crouching in a distant corner. In the dim light, Kate had not noticed that any one was there. The next minute a fretful high-pitched voice fell on her ear.

'What do you mean by bringing such beastly stuff? Take it away, if you don't want to be kicked out of this.'

Kate launched herself across the space between like a thunderbolt. Could—could that be Laurence? that draggled, battered creature, shivering and trembling like a baby, and railing at a steward in that manner—her hero, her poet, her Sir Galahad!

'Why, Laurence,' she cried indignantly, 'what has come to you? What are you behaving in this way for?'

Mr Glynn was utterly unable to explain. Human nature is much the same the wide world over; in the throes of sea-sickness, even a poet has to take his place with the rank and file. He simply laid his head down on the wet bench before him and groaned.

And Kate? Alas for Kate! Instead of the womanly sympathy that ought to have been forthcoming, she stood and looked down upon him in stony silence.

'You had better ask that steward to put you to bed,' she said presently in quite an altered tone. 'You are not likely to get any better in that state.' And without one backward glance or look at him, Kate turned about and marched down to the stuffy cabin she was to share with the little teacher. That lady was already there, and glanced up at Kate's flushed face. 'Did you find your friend?'

'Yes,' said Kate shortly. 'I found him—disgustingly sick.'

Miss Priestley laughed. 'Sickness is hardly a crime, my dear.'

'It is for a man to go and make a baby of himself, and speak like a—costermonger,' said Kate severely. 'If a little thing like this upsets him so, where would he be with a big thing?'

It was a big question. Kate stared at the flickering lamp as if it was keeping back the answer. 'It serves me right. Why did I ever come?' she cried, suddenly putting her head down on the edge of her berth. 'Oh, if I was only at home again with my father!'

Miss Priestley folded up her nightcap and took the sobbing runaway to her bosom. 'What is it, my dear? Are you in trouble? Cannot I help you?'

'Nobody can help me any more,' sobbed Kate. 'I'm—I'm eloping.'

'Don't do it,' said the elder lady briskly. 'Go straight back again to your father.'

'I can't,' cried Kate. 'I never told him I was going, and he never liked Laurence besides.'

'And seeing that "Laurence" has persuaded you to behave in this way, I should say your father was very well justified in his opinion. Tell me all about it, my dear.'

And Kate did. The boat plunged and ploughed through the choppy waves, rain and spray dashed against the blurred glass of the porthole; the lamp smoked and pervaded the close air with its fumes—a fit setting for the telling of the brief love-story, that had seemed so sweet at the time, and was so humiliating in the retrospect. 'I know how mean it must sound to you,' said Kate, half apologetically; 'but indeed I would not have come away so suddenly if it had not been for that John Petersen coming this afternoon.'

'John Petersen!' echoed Miss Priestley—'the Brunswick Street John Petersen?'

'Yes. Do you know him?'

'Know him! I should think so—he is my nephew.'

'O—oh!'

'And I can tell you,' went on the little lady, 'that he is worth any six of your Laurence

Glynn. You are a very fortunate girl to have made his acquaintance; he is no fair-weather lover.'

'I don't want any more lovers,' said Kate dismally; 'I've had enough to-night to last me for years. I thought when people once fell in love they never changed; and here I feel already as if I never wanted to see Laurence or speak to him again, and I did love him yesterday.'

'Or you thought you did. You must tell the young man you have changed your mind as soon as you get to Liverpool, and then we must telegraph to your father. You will be safe at home again in a few hours more.'

There was no need to telegraph. The *Bluebell* steamed up the Mersey the next morning in a flood of brilliant sunshine, green fields and houses bedded in trees stretching away on the Cheshire side, one straight unbroken line of dock wall on the other. Sailing-vessels flitted past like great gulls; huge steamers lay at anchor, swinging lazily round with the tide. Last night with its rains and storms might have been a bad dream. Mr Glynn emerged from his hiding-place and made terms with the long-suffering steward to help in repairing the ravages left on his personal appearance; after that, he went in quest of his lady-love. Never again would they two travel by water when there was dry land and a railway train to be had; never again would he write one line about that deceitful sea; better run the chance of any number of irate fathers, than go through the mental and bodily anguish he had endured this night; and now that he was able to think about the matter, Kate had shown herself decidedly callous; she had made no attempt to help him, simply gone away, and done the best she could for herself, and he might have been washed overboard for any interest she evinced since. Miss Kate was pretty; she would be an heiress; but Mr Glynn thoroughly understood his own value, and he could not but feel that she had not conducted herself towards him as she ought to have done. He sat down on the sheltered side of the saloon deck and lighted his cigar, the first since he had set foot on this abominable boat, and decided to leave that young lady to her own reflections for a season.

The *Bluebell* was bent on redeeming her character at the eleventh hour; she glided up to the pier-head as if she had been utterly incapable of either pitching or rolling. There was the usual motley crew gathered on the pier—cabmen, porters, policemen, and general riffraff; but surely there was one strangely familiar figure among them, standing under the open shed behind. Was it possible that that could be Mr Winter himself, after coming by this horrible route on purpose to avoid him?

Poets are but men. Bad as the sea had proved, Mr Glynn would have been quite willing that moment to head about and retrace the whole wretched journey. He retired precipitately behind a convenient ventilator to wait the development of events.

The enemy came on board, elbowed his way up the gangway the moment it shot into position. He was not alone, either; with him there was a broad-shouldered, determined-looking young fellow who could be none other than the objec-

tionable Petersen. How they came to be there Mr Glynn neither knew nor cared; the plain fact was all he was able to grasp at present.

'Is there a young lady on board?' Mr Winter demanded of the first steward he encountered—'a tall girl in a brown ulster?'

'With a little old lady? Yes, sir.'

'I don't know anything about the old lady,' said Mr Winter doubtfully. 'You might—Why, Kate, it is you! Child, child! what have you been thinking of?'

Kate had shot out of the saloon like a whirlwind at the first sound of his voice, and was sobbing in his arms. 'Oh papa, papa, I've never wanted you in my life as I've done since I left you! How did you get here?'

'By the train, of course. It didn't take long to find out which way you had gone. A nice chase we have had after you.—Where is that scoundrel?'

'I don't know,' answered Kate, with a careless glance at the corner where she had last seen him. 'I don't want to know anything about him again; he's been sick every bit of the way.'

'The very best thing he could have done,' remarked Mr Petersen; 'there's some good in the fellow, after all.'

Kate was too meek to resent it. Was it not John Petersen's aunt who had been her sole stay through this weary night? She turned round to the little lady, who was standing patiently in the background beside her tall nephew, with quite a burst of gratitude. 'You don't know how good she has been to me, papa; I believe I'd almost have thrown myself overboard if she hadn't been there.'

There was no farewell scene between the young lady and her sometime hero, no parting valediction to the fair future they had planned out together so blithely. Mr Glynn never stirred out of the shelter of that ventilator till he had seen the cab that held his faithless bride and her party safely up the long floating bridge; then he collected his own belongings and departed likewise. Love's young dream was ended.

He wrote a very touching sonnet under that heading a few months later when he read the announcement of John Petersen's marriage in the local paper; and what is more to the point, discovered an editor charitable enough to give him two guineas for it, which exactly covered his share in the expense of that very unsatisfactory elopement.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE authorities of the Kew Observatory have given notice that they are prepared to test photographic lenses for the public at stated charges. The tests come under two heads, A and B—the first comprising a thorough test of the instrument, showing its value as a piece of scientific apparatus, the charge for which is half a guinea. The other test, B, is not of such a thorough nature, and the cost is about one-fourth the previous sum. So many persons are now interested in photographic matters, that they will be

glad to have this opportunity of submitting the lenses which they possess to scientific scrutiny. Each lens so tested and passed as efficient will bear a certain mark, which will be engraved upon it at the Observatory; and we need hardly say that the presence of such a mark will much enhance the value of the instrument. But after all, the resort to these tests will be unnecessary to those who are wise enough to buy their lenses from dealers of repute.

It is said that the Swiss adopt a method of hardening the cast steel of which cutting-tools are made which is different from that practised in most other countries, but which is at the same time more efficient. It is also said that examination of steel so treated shows that the hardening is more uniform and penetrates the metal to a greater degree than if carried out by the usual means. Other advantages are also claimed for the system in the metal being less brittle and the cutting properties more durable and better in every respect. The method consists in making a mixture of four parts of powdered resin, and two parts train oil, stirred together with one part of heated tallow. Into this mixture the metal to be hardened is plunged while it is at a low red-heat, and held therein until it becomes cool. Without being cleaned, the metal is again submitted to heat, and is then tempered in the ordinary manner.

A new process for making artificial marble, granite, &c., has recently been patented in France. The raw material is made up of pieces of glass, silica, &c., which are partly fused in a furnace. After this fusing operation, chips of china, porcelain, enamel, or other similar vitrifiable matter—together with pigments if desired—are added, so that in a measure the process may be said to utilise waste products. Various designs either in relief or intaglio may be impressed upon articles moulded from this compound, or the finished product can be enamelled. Articles of various shapes, and intended for useful or ornamental purposes, such as cornices, statuettes, &c., can be thus produced. Another adaptation of the process is in the manufacture of stained-glass windows, which have the peculiarity of being without the usual leaded joints to hold the glass together. In this case the design is worked out in pieces of glass of the required colours in a flat mould, removable partitions being placed between each. Before the mould is submitted to heat, the partitions are carefully picked out, so that the pieces of glass can fuse together and form a complete picture.

Another invention, also of French origin, is that of M. Calmont of Paris, which utilises the sawdust and shavings of a carpenter's shop, which, by a special process, are converted into a very fine description of vegetable charcoal. This is found to be of great value in removing the unpleasant flavour common to certain French wines, and which renders them unsaleable as wines, although suitable for distillation. The charcoal so made is also valuable for filtering purposes in distilleries, for it is capable of filtering forty times its volume of alcohol, whereas common charcoal will only filter one-fifteenth of that amount. In the manufacture, the sawdust from hard and soft varieties of wood must be

separated as a preliminary, because in the process of carbonisation the one requires a very much greater heat than the other before the operation is complete. Shavings are also treated in the same way, after which they are ground in a mill to reduce them to a very fine powder. Great care must be taken to preserve this charcoal from absorbing moisture; and to obviate this risk, it is enclosed in air-tight receptacles until required for use.

The motion to abolish the opium traffic in India, sacrificing between five and six millions of revenue, which was carried lately by a majority in the House of Commons, has led Sir Lepel Griffin, who knows far more about the opium question than most people, to express a very strong opinion upon the subject, and one which will surprise those who have been taught to believe that opium consumption is synonymous with demoralisation. He declares that the excessive use of the drug is quite unusual, and that its moderate consumption in a tropical climate is beneficial; that the cultivation of the poppy is the chief cause of the prosperity of both Princes and people in the native States; that the tax upon it is no burden on the cultivator, for it is paid by the Chinese consumer; and that this tax is therefore not only unobjectionable, but intrinsically the best that could be devised. He describes Indian opium as a luxury, akin to French champagne imported into England, and says that no expert who has lived among, and studied, opium-smoking or opium-drinking people, as he has done, but will declare that alcohol is a hundred times as pernicious as opium.

'The Ocean Life-saving Ladder' promises to be most useful in cases of collision or shipwreck at sea. It is the invention of Messrs Black and Burnett, both of the steamship *Eurnholm*, and consists of a wooden ladder, furnished with solid cork-floats, and partly covered with canvas. Unlike the ordinary life-buoy, one of these ladders will support several persons in the water, and its shape and construction allows of its easy stowage and ready access in case of emergency on shipboard. It has been reported upon very favourably by the Board of Trade, and has been submitted to severe experiments. It is obvious that such a useful contrivance is not confined to ocean use, and that it would be a valuable addition to the Royal Humane Society's apparatus at all boating and fishing resorts; while its peculiar construction would fit it for employment in the case of accidents through breaking ice.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr A. E. Pratt related his interesting experiences during an expedition to Ta-tsen-lu, on the eastern borders of Tibet. His primary object was to increase his natural-history collections; but he found time to make many observations with regard to the physical geography of the districts through which he passed. He carried out his intention, formed on a previous journey, of ascending Mount Omei, a spot which is regarded by the natives as one of peculiar sanctity. This mountain is no less than eleven thousand feet in height, and upon it there are between sixty and eighty temples, served by two thousand priests. On one side of this mountain there is a precipice nearly one mile and a third high, perhaps the steepest declivity in the world. Many



thousands of pilgrims annually visit Mount Omei, and a large number of them commit suicide by throwing themselves over the edge of the precipice just described. The mountain is covered with forest and undergrowth, and seems to be a veritable garden of rare flowers.

In a paper recently read before the Franklin Institute, Mr W. McDevitt, Inspector of the Philadelphia Board of Fire Underwriters, dwelt upon certain dangers connected with the electric illumination of buildings. Some of these are due to defective fittings, and the most important is that relating to fusible connections. These are made of a great variety of alloys, some having good electrical conductivity and being slow to heat, while others exhibit weakness when heated and are continually breaking, an accident which tempts a workman to patch up the joints with ordinary wire instead of the proper fuses. Another danger is indicated in the want of some effective method of making splices or joints in conductors, it being a common practice to merely solder such joints, when in case of accident the solder may melt, leaving a loose connection. But the most alarming risk is from the possibility of lightning entering a house where the electrical supply is from aerial conductors, especially where the wires are attached to gas-fittings. In this case the electricity in leaping from the charged wires to the gas-pipes will melt the latter, and a steady blaze of gas from the injured pipe will result.

A new form of Smokeless Stove for domestic use has been invented by Mr H. Heim of London, and it so far meets the national feeling in favour of a home-like open fire, in that the process of combustion is visible although partly closed in by a transparent door of mica. The stove comprises a combustion chamber, at the back of which is a hopper containing coal—and coal of second and third rate quality is available—which is automatically fed into the chamber. The process of combustion can be so regulated that the stove shall give its maximum heat, or can be damped down to the lowest degree possible. Cold air, which is warmed in its passage to the combustion chamber, is admitted to the stove through a number of small apertures; and this mixing with the gaseous smoke from the coal brings about its complete combustion. The heat given out is partly due to radiation from the visible fire, and partly to warmed air delivered into the room from a series of pipes which are coiled round the apparatus, but which are hidden in the casing of the stove.

Mr Clement Heaton's exhaustive paper recently read before the Society of Arts gave a most interesting review of that very lasting mode of decoration, now seldom seen but on Japanese and Chinese vases, known as Cloisonné (enclosed work). The common method of employing this method of ornamentation is, in the case of vases, to work out the required design in copper ribbon of about one-sixteenth of an inch wide, and to solder it to the metal base so that it stands up edgewise. The spaces between are then filled in with various coloured enamels, and the whole surface is then polished down to one level. Mr Heaton pointed out how this mode of decoration with various modifications has been practised for many centuries in Egypt, Persia,

India, and other countries, and he advocates its employment for modern decorative purposes.

A wonderful example of patience in the Chinese is afforded by a consular Report dealing with the manufacture of salt in Central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another. During this time the boring, as may be imagined, goes down to an immense depth. When brine is found, it is drawn up in bamboo tubes by a rope working over a large drum turned by bullocks. The brine is evaporated in iron caldrons, the heat being supplied by natural gas, which is generally found in the vicinity of the salt wells.

The Prefect of Police, Paris, acting on the advice of the Council of Hygiene, has lately modified the regulations concerning the use of colouring matters in articles of food. Certain pigments of metallic origin are prohibited altogether: these comprise preparations of copper, lead, arsenic, and compounds of mercury of all kinds. Barium, chrome yellow, ultramarine, gamboge, and alkanet are also interdicted. Many of the coal-tar colours, while prohibited for ordinary articles of food, may be tolerated in small quantities for tinting candies, liqueurs, ices, &c. Tinfoil, which is employed for wrapping sweets and other articles of food, must not contain more than one-half per cent. of lead, or more than one part in ten thousand of arsenic. Similar regulations are laid down to ensure the purity of pewter or copper utensils used in the preparation of food.

Mr F. Oldfield, of 70 Gracechurch Street, London, has invented an addition to the printing-press, and one which can be attached to any existing cylinder machine at small expense, and without interfering with its use for ordinary printing, which is reported upon very favourably. It is an arrangement of rollers and inking slab by which a number of different coloured inks can be applied to one 'forme.' (A forme, we may remind our non-technical readers, is a mass of type in one frame or chase, which in the case of a cylinder machine would be transferred by the stereotype process to one cylinder.) The apparatus is intended more especially for printing large bills or posters in varied hues; and the time occupied in preparing the machine for the process is very little in excess of that required for ordinary black printing. Under the old conditions, a different forme was necessary for each colour employed, a fact very often painfully evident in the result, and shown by one colour not registering with another.

At the annual conference of photographers held lately under the auspices of the Camera Club, London, Mr Sutton described a new and simple process for producing a printing block direct from an ordinary gelatine plate—such a plate, indeed, as is used by amateurs all over the world. The process depends upon the fact that a gelatine plate when developed by certain agents and dried by moderate heat will show an image in relief—that is to say, all the blackened or exposed portions of the plate will be raised slightly above the level of the unexposed por-

tions. The plate so treated is dried, and then submitted to the ordinary electrotype process, by which it is reproduced in copper. The metal is mounted type-high on a block of wood, and is then ready for the press. There are certain technical difficulties which seem at present to militate against the process, one of the chief of which is the circumstance that the amount of relief obtained is hardly sufficient to ensure clean lines in a quick printing-machine.

A new use has been found for the phonograph by certain medical gentlemen who recently brought the subject before one of the learned Societies in London. By means of the instrument, the audience present were able to listen to the reproduction of the curiously-defective speech of two children when they were first placed under medical care. This registered specimen of their elocution was then contrasted with the improved speech which treatment had effected, for the little patients were themselves present, and were able by word of mouth to testify what science had done for them.

The above interesting experience may point the way to another possible and very feasible application of the phonograph. It would certainly be advantageous to some of our public speakers who are notorious for their hesitating manner, and the constant introduction of the familiar 'er, er' between every three or four syllables, if they were to employ a phonograph for home use. They would then be able in the privacy of their rooms to register for themselves specimens of their speech, and to make the instrument reproduce the previously uttered words with every trick and fault faithfully rendered. These faults so convincingly brought before them could then be gradually corrected until they ceased to appear. The phonograph would point out errors with impunity, which if called attention to by a living being would only lead to unpleasantness.

In a paper brought before the Paris Academy, a curious observation relating to long and short sight was recorded. It was stated that an examination of the eyes of wild animals showed that those captured after the age of six or eight months retained the long sight natural to them, but that those made captive before that age and those born in a state of captivity were short-sighted. From this it is argued that shortness of sight is a defect which is incident to civilisation.

Two distinct advances are recorded concerning that tantalising metal aluminium, which chemists tell us is one of the most common of all elements, for it exists in plenty in every clod of clay, but is so difficult of reduction that until lately it has been almost as valuable as silver. Mr H. Greenway claims to have discovered a method of winning it from its original clay by an inexpensive process; and two Waterbury mechanics have, it is said, succeeded in finding a chemical flux which will enable the metal to be soldered. All attempts in this direction have hitherto failed, and this is the principal reason, coupled with other difficulties in working it, which make articles made of aluminium still so expensive, although it can be produced now at a comparatively cheap rate. These lucky mechanics have been offered to name their own price for their

valuable discovery, which is likely to lead to a greatly extended use of the white metal for purposes where its extreme lightness, strength, and freedom from tarnishing will be appreciated.

A correspondent of *Nature*, in referring to the curious manner in which certain insects will revive after being subjected to frost, says that it is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow; and so brittle that they break up unless very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies he has frequently placed on his hat, and found that on descending to a warmer atmosphere the little creatures recover themselves and fly away. Another writer refers to the fact that insects which habitually hibernate, as larvæ or pupæ, do not suffer from being frozen even for a lengthened period; but that what is known as an 'open' winter, with its alternations of wet, warmth, and cold, is far more fatal to them. He therefore assumes that the coming season, after the unusually rigorous winter which we have experienced, will be, from an entomological point of view, a very favourable one.

#### 'SENDING-IN DAY.'

'NEVER mind, never mind,' says the Artist, in answer to my apologies for calling to-day instead of on 'Show Saturday,' as invited. 'I'm very glad to see you, as I shall make you useful after you have had a look round. This is sending-in day, and the van will call at half-past six for these things.'

Surely there is no man so engagingly unbusiness-like as an artist! It is five o'clock now; and 'these things,' some six life-size portraits, must be ready in an hour and a half for the van which will take them up to Burlington House. And upon one, my friend is still working with leisurely care.

'Not half satisfied with this floor,' he says critically, taking three long steps backward from his easel. 'It falls down in the corner in a way good floors do not. Do you see?'

I can see that the 'floor' appears to sink down in one place; but how the defect in its portrayal is to be remedied I am at a loss to understand; and as the artist is evidently fidgeting to set to work again upon it, I leave him, and stroll round the great studio to look at his pictures.

There is no workshop so interesting as that of the artist who has reached success. Here, I see my friend's whole artistic career on the walls: his first pencil and chalk sketches, rough and unfinished, but bearing that boldness of outline which stamps them as the work of a cunning hand in its youth; his earliest attempts at portraiture in oils, rough again, but wearing still more markedly that mysterious 'something' which raises them far above the 'finicking' work of an ungifted hand. And so, step by step, I trace his progress through studies of living models, and friends, till I come to his first 'accepted' picture, whence dates his success. Between that and the portraits whose paint is scarcely dry, there are few landmarks; and their paucity speaks eloquently of the painter's skill.

'That will do, I think,' says the artist suddenly. 'How's that floor now?' and he backs across the studio to inspect his handiwork at long-range.

I turn from the 'Portrait of a Lady,' and look. The polished parquet floor, down which the painted piano threatened to slide a few minutes ago, is now level as that on which I stand; but how the thing has been done, or where the brush has been applied, I can't for the life of me discover.

'What!' exclaims the artist. 'You don't see? Why, look here! All I have done is to deepen the shading there at the angle of the wall, and throw up the light just here. Simplest thing in the world!'

No doubt it is, like everything else, when you know how to do it; but I don't, and am still trying to probe the secret of the optical illusion wrought by a few deft brush-strokes, when there is a knock at the door, and 'the photographer' is announced.

'Ah!' says the artist, throwing aside his paint-brush and rubbing his hands, 'I've been waiting for him. We have to do the Duchess before we nail her up, and must get to work at once before the light goes.'

'Her Grace the Duchess of —' is gazing benignly at us from her easel; and while the photographer prepares his apparatus, we arrange the portrait in the best light. It is a dainty operation this of photographing a picture: the canvas offering a plane surface, the camera must be adjusted exactly square with it; let one side of the portrait be more remote than the other from the lens by half an inch, and that side will appear 'drawn out' in the photograph. Therefore, the preliminaries take up some little time.

'Tell us when you are going to expose,' says the artist to the photographer.—'We must remain quite still while the process is going on,' he explains to me. 'This floor is a trifle shaky, and the least vibration would spoil the lines.'

Accordingly, when the photographer declares himself ready, we betake ourselves to the tetrach in the far corner of the room; and have settled down comfortably before he removes the lens-cap. I had imagined that a picture could be photographed in the few seconds required to take a living subject, and am astonished to hear that the 'exposure' must extend over at least half an hour.

'Half an hour when the light is good,' says the artist, pouring out tea; 'but we shall give Her Grace forty minutes this evening, as it's rather dull.'

The time passes quickly enough over tea, cigarettes, and chat. The artist demands my indignation with one of his clients whose behaviour has been most unreasonable from an artistic point of view. 'He gave me sittings for a month last February,' he says; 'and I told him I thought the picture would be finished in time for exhibition last year. Well, as it happened, my hand was out, and it wasn't finished in time; and he was disappointed about that. Then I had a lot to do, and kept it by me for a while, he having gone back to Scotland in the meantime. When I took it up again, I found I wanted a few more sittings, and asked him to come down for a day

or two. I got him down; but he wasn't at all pleased about it. And then, what d'you think? He said I had kept him waiting long enough, and he would be glad if I'd name the day I could send him the picture!'

I try very hard to look surprised at such conduct, but fail utterly. Not being an artist, my secret sympathies will lean towards the client who has been waiting over a year for the completion of his order; for there is the picture staring me in the face, destined for the 'New Gallery,' where it will spend another four months out of the owner's reach.

'People are so unreasonable,' continues the artist plaintively. 'What can it matter waiting a few months? They will get their pictures eventually.'

'What are you photographing the Duchess's portrait for?' I ask, by way of turning the subject; for the artist has worked himself into a quite unnecessary state of irritation.

'Her friends,' he replies shortly. 'People nearly always ask me to have their portraits photographed before they leave the studio; and a precious bother it is when I am pressed for time.'

At length the photographer replaces the lens-cap and wheels his camera aside.

'Come!' says the artist, jumping up; 'to work! We will begin with the Duchess: lend me a hand to lay her flat on her face on the floor and nail her up.'

It does not sound a respectful way of treating a Duchess; but under the artist's directions I spread a sheet on the floor and help him to lay the picture face downward thereon. 'Nailing up' is a very simple process: it consists of removing the wooden buttons which hold the canvas on its stretcher into the frame and substituting nails for them. The wedges at the corners of the stretcher are tapped home till the canvas is almost as tight as a drum-head, and the picture is then ready for its labels.

'Don't you pack them at all?' I inquire, as visions of priceless pictures rattling loose in a van over the London streets rise to my mind's eye.

'Not allowed,' replies the artist. 'They would not be received if sent in a case.'

'Aren't you afraid of accidents?' I ask, aghast.

'They don't often come to grief,' he answers carelessly; 'but I once saw a picture of —'s' (naming a famous R.A.) 'which had been pricked all over with a nail or gimlet or something. But that wasn't an accident; it was done intentionally, out of spite or mischief; but by whom, no one knows to this day.'

The Duchess is 'nailed up' now; so we restore her to the easel and turn to the 'Portrait of Miss W—.'

'Hold her up a moment whilst I put the sheet straight,' says the artist. 'She is standing on her head; but it doesn't matter.'

With a duster in each hand, to avoid tarnishing the new gilding of the frame, I stand, studying the curious effect of the light as it strikes through the canvas, showing up the flesh tints like a transparency. Suddenly I see something which draws an involuntary 'Oh!' from me.

'What's the matter?' asks the artist.

I feel myself growing pale as I break it to him. 'There is a hole in this picture—a ragged cut, an inch long.' I look round fearfully, half expecting to see the artist sink fainting on the floor.

But he doesn't do anything of the kind. He says calmly: 'Ah! Just wait till I've lighted my pipe, and I'll put it to rights.—Now, where is it?'

I point out the hole, which seems to have been made by a broad knife, close to 'Miss W——'s' shapely nose. It looks very serious; but in two minutes the artist has put with his palette knife a large varnish plaster on the back of the canvas, and only the closest scrutiny can discover the blemish in front. I don't know why it should be so; but the awe with which I regarded the artist's masterpieces is a little toned down by this trifle.

'Van's at the door, sir,' says William, the studio factotum, at this moment.

'Tell the man to wait,' replies the artist dreamily. He is absorbed in contemplation of his 'Portrait of a Lady,' and has no ear for mundane things. 'I must do it,' he says at last aloud to himself. 'There is something the matter with her knees.' He takes up his palette, and is beginning to dabble on it. I take him kindly but firmly by the arm.

'Look here,' I say; 'the van is waiting, and the pictures must be in by eight to-night. We have four more to nail up; and you have the labels to write for the whole lot. Is there time to do any touching up now?'

The artist put his paint-brush in his button-hole and looks at his watch. 'A quarter to seven!' he says in dismay. His palette is discarded, and in two seconds more he is at his desk scribbling 'labels' as fast as his pen will travel.

'Number One,' he says, writing. ('I always number them in the order I want them accepted, you know; if they take One, Two, and Three, they may reject Four if they like. You see?') ('Go on!' I interpellate.) 'Name—Portrait of H. G. the Duchess of ——. That's right. One railway luggage label to hang over the front of the picture, and one to stick on the back of the frame. Get the paste-pot, like a good fellow, and stick them on.'

I obey; but as soon as I leave the artist's side, he is out of his chair muttering something about 'that woman's knees.'

William comes in again to say the vanmen are growing impatient.

'You will be late!' I cry, as I see the artist, brush in hand, before the 'Portrait of a Lady.' 'Can't you do what you want on varnishing-day?'

'Varnishing-day' is that on which exhibitors are admitted to the Academy to put any final touches they wish to their pictures. I haven't the least idea what or how much the artist has to do to those 'knees;' but I do see very plainly that if some one does not save him from himself, his whole array of pictures will be shut out as 'too late.'

It is no time to stand on ceremony. I summon William, and with his aid, forcibly remove the lady with the defective knees from her easel and lay her on the floor to nail up. The artist goes

unwillingly back to his desk to finish the labels, and at half-past seven everything is done. The men are called in, and in spite of the artist's 'help,' succeed in stowing the pictures safely in the van.

'I daresay they'll get up to Piccadilly by eight o'clock,' he says cheerfully, as the driver starts off his horse at a gallop. 'But if they don't, they don't.'

'And they'll be shut out?' I inquire.

'I suppose so,' replies the artist light-heartedly. 'Come in and have a pipe before you go. That woman's knees haunt me,' he adds with a sigh.

#### THEN AND NOW.

In fables of the Golden Age  
No more delight our poets seek,  
For, now the North has waxed so sage,  
The Goth is wiser than the Greek.

Before the might of Learning's powers,  
The myths and wisdom of the Past  
Have perished like the autumn flowers  
Before the icy northern blast.

The scalpel and the microscope  
Demand the laurel of the lyre:  
Alas! what later bard can hope  
To wake for these the ancient fire?

Sweeter it is to shut our eyes  
To all that we have lived among,  
And seek in dreams the sunny skies  
And hills that saw the birth of song;

The time that held the Poet's name  
As holy, and his native vale  
Heard sweeter notes than ever came  
From any thorn-stung nightingale;

When every youth whose soul was moved  
To poetry from early years,  
Was by the Muses well beloved,  
And held in honour of his peers;

And every maid with mind above  
The level of the vulgar throng,  
Was priestess of the Queen of Love,  
Or sibyl of the Lord of Song.

J. T. LEVENS.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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